# THE HINDI REVIEW

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*Address:—*

*Management :*
Nagari Pracharini Sabha,
VARANASI 1.
Telephone : 488

*Editorial :*
RAM AWADH DWIVEDI
New F/5,
Banaras Hindu University
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# THE HINDI REVIEW

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## SONGS OF DEVOTION

**[ Mira Bai ]**

I

O dear relative, why didst thou not restrain me
At the first onset of the love of Govind ?
Now the affair has struck root and grown
As the mighty tree grows forth from the seed.
Say what you like, I care not.
On the banks of the Yamuna
I shelter eternally
Beneath the tree of the love of Govind.
I have become a dry stick,
Withered by the fire of love.
My tongue sings the music of his praise.
Again and again Hari teases me
And gives me the slip.
In the houses of the neighbours, tongues are wagging.
Accepting all, I bow the head and pass on.
Like a mad elephant
I wander aimlessly in an ecstasy of love.
In the cup of her heart
Servant Mira drinks the nectar of devotion to [illegible]

II

I am deeply in love with Giridhara.
O my companion, I am deeply in love with Giridhara.
Robed in my living body composed of the five elements
I go to assist at the holy sports in the grove.
*O what a wonder!*
I have suddenly met with Shyama in the woods,
Body to body and face to face.
Only she whose lover is absent
Needs to write letters.
My beloved dwells in my very heart,
He neither comes nor goes.
Sun, moon, earth and sky will pass away,
The winds and the waters will vanish,
But the Indestructible will never alter.
Take the wick of thy mind in thy hand
And trim the lamp of perpetual adoration.
Acquire thy oil from the market-place of love,
Remain awake day and night.
When thou meetest thy Sat-Guru
Thy doubts will disappear.
I will give thee a true hint;
*This 'sansara' is neither my house nor thy house.*
This is the song of servant Mira.

III

Accept me, I pray Thee, as Thy servant.
O Giridhara Lal, accept me, I pray Thee, as Thy servant.
I will ever remain Thy true servant.
Every morning I will rise early,
Put on my robes and enjoy Thy sight.
In the verdant lanes of Brindavan
I will sing the deeds of Govind.
Thy holy sight I will accept for my wages,
Thy remembrance for my tip.
The spirit of devotion will form my bonus.

In all this world
Three things to me are lovely:
Thy peacock crown, Thy yellow garment,
And the flashing garland at Thy neck.
Mohan, flute in hand,
Is grazing the cows in Brindavan.
I will build a tall palace with many windows.
Robed in a scarlet *sari*,
I will look down upon Shyam.
The yogis come to perform their yoga,
The Sanyasins to perform their austerities,
Holy men come to warship Hari,
And all mingle in Brindavan.
Deep is the nature of the Lord of Mira.
Whoso keep Him firmly fixed in their hearts,
To them the Lord will grant his holy vision
In the daad of the night
By the banks of the Yamuna.

[ Rasakhana ]

I

Says a Gopi :
To those smiles I offered my very life;
To that sweet music
I offered up my heart and mind;
To the shining jewel of His mind'
I offered my reputation;
On those fair lips, I sacrificed my youth.
To the body of Krishna, a mine of evry sweetness,
I offered my body, with scarcely a thought.
Now He turns His gaze away from me.
He spurns me in public, by way of a jest.

II

Your wealth may be the shame of Kubera,
And your beauty a challenge to Kama;

In the extent of your pleasures you may rival Indra,
You may solicit the descent of the Ganges to earth
Through the power of your Yoga;
But what, asks Rasakhana, is the use of it,
If your tongue has not tasted
The rippling waters of devotion,
If your mind is not dyed in the love of Him
Whose mind was dyed in the love of Radha ?

III

When I recall the days, says Krishna,
Of coming and going with the cowherd boys,
Of grazing the flocks, of songs and music,
My eyes fill with tears,
Here they wear necklaces of pearls.
Drawn from the heads of elephants.
Give me rather those chaplets of *gunja* berries.
When I recall those sylvan bowers
I tremble to the depths of my soul,
Those huts of clay are dear to me,
But not these palaces, inset with emeralds.
The proud temples of Dwarika
Are loftier than Mount Mandara,
But it is the cow-pens of Braj
That have won their way into my heart.

—Translated by A. J. Alston

[ Balakrishna Sharma 'Navin' ]

I

Instead of fickle footsteps when shall I
Again those steadfast, firm feet find ?
Age after age, the shelter of all souls,
Those feet infallible,
Unfailing refuge of the shelterless;
When shall I meet those firm and steadfast feet ?

I looked this side and that
And saw some wayward eyes :
I fancied I had found
What would emancipate me from all woes:
But when I take a comprehensive view
To-day of all my past,
In all my conduct I behold
The sequel of but wandering impulses.
When shall I find those firm and steadfast feet ?

In every inhalation of my breath
I have drawn in how many pricking thorns !
And in each exhalation have expired
How many flowers of a rare perfume !
So many thorns to-day have I received
In charity as tokens of sweet love
That I can but present
This new edition full of bristling thorns
In place of those sweet flowers that are gone.
When shall I meet those firm and steadfast feet ?

With eyes wide open I have ever gazed
At land and ocean and unbounded skies;
In the pursuit of something I
Am wandering restless and forlorn;
And in the lines upon my brow is marked
The imprint of eternal unsuccess;
When will the sweetheart bless
This restless love and spirit of pursuit ?
When shall I find those firm and steadfast feet ?

I am a tiny light,
Floated upon the stream of time
By thine invisible hands,—
Still frowned at by the potent adverse winds:
Flickering I float, devoid of refuge since my birth !
When will those fascinating fingers hold

This little taper of my feeble life ?
When shall I meet those firm and steadfast feet ?

Who knows when thou didst float this trembling light ?
Who knows when thou extinguished it and when
Thou didst enkindle it again ?
I only know that so far it hath found
No refuge anywhere upon the earth,
And that it is still driven by
The restless currents of the cosmic flow.
When shall I find those firm and steadfast feet ?

My light is trembling; make it now secure;
And let its flame now glow unceasingly
In thy abode, free from misgivings all;
Oh Radiant Love, now keep it in thy fold,
Oh, hold it in Thy hand awhile
And steady its uncertain, helpless life.
When shall I meet those firm and steadfast feet ?

II

Thus turning round, oh traveller, what site
Dost thou behold with wistful, eager looks ?
What memory hath flashed across thy mind ?
Why is thy heart full of tumult to-day ?

Hast thou, wayfarer, her recalled to mind
Whose name is swinging up and down our breath,
Resounding in the soundless melodies
That well up from the flute of inmost life;
Whose everlasting memory doth reside
In Yamuna's rising waves of harmony ?
Thus turning round, oh traveller, what site
Dost thou behold with wistful, eager looks ?

Who, traveller, sits in memory of thee ?
And why dost thou bethink thyself to be

The habitant of someone's inmost heart ?
Dost thou remember how in chagrin she
*Bade thee what rather looked like an adieu ?*
Why art thou restless and beside thyself
With thirst and hunger for mysterious love ?
What memory hath flashed across thy mind ?
Why so impatient is thy heart to-day ?

Hast thou recalled to memory to-day
The radiant casements of the sweetheart's house ?
Or hast the recollection of her frowns
Awakened scenes of love long since gone by ?
Oh traveller, why this languor in thy pace ?
Oh traveller restless, patiently press on
With steady steps still forward on thy way.
Wherefore dost thou, thus turning round, behold
Thy sweetheart's meeting-place with eager looks ?

—Translated by B. L. Sahney



## AN EXTRACT FROM *SIDDHATHA*

Anupsharma 'Anup'

*Filled with joy : with youth mellowed :*
Rare, and limb to limb by Cupid drawn—
Leaving a trail of white lotuses behind—
Like the goddess of spring, moved Yashodhara.

Smiling as moved the charming maid—
Exposed from the rest—ahead one,
Like the sun flood-lit was the assembly,
And like lotus bloomed the faces of men.

To moon, stars and the murky clouds,
With her face, eyes and black tresses

This little taper of my feeble life?
When shall I meet those firm and steadfast feet?

Who knows when thou didst float this trembling light?
Who knows when thou extinguished it and when
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Exposed from the rest—ahead one,
*Like the sun flood-lit was the assembly,*
And like lotus bloomed the faces of men.

To moon, stars and the murky clouds,
With her face, eyes and black tresses

Haughtily shaming—marched Yashodhara—
In a well-formed, modest, gentle gait.

With her sweet notes Saraswati she overcame,
And Gauri she transcended with her winning smile,
With her charming eyes Laxmi she excelled,
And her fine waist was a challenge to Plomja.

Like the morn full glorious her form,
And spangled her face like the moon :
If Bramha turned her parts with his hands,
Looked the handsome maid in the centre.

Soft and blooming like lotus all her parts,
While the *koel* lent her sweetness of tongue;
And, a fragrance to her, gave the wind,
For, had not the kind statuary moulded her form :

Full-fledged her parts, under the influence of Eros,
With rotundities well turned and beautiful,
While her beauteous and attractive fair eyes,
Were dark-black, pink and clear-white.

Of the moon and the Mars equally blended,
Snow-white and rose-red was her form :
And dangled a cloud-like coiling tress
Restive to kiss her cheek warm and rosy.

Like a full blown lotus moved the maid—
All pure and glowing like the spring in bloom—
Meek, and holding the garland in her hands,
Her wrists instantly shaking with the costly load.

Then genially beholding the prince before her,
Quick and agitated fluttered her drooping lids;
And taking the impression from eyes to her heart,
His image she ensconced, her eyes softly closing.

Pleased, she lowered the chaplet round his neck,
And in the arena rolled the drums of joy;
And lo ! pleased Siddhartha was the groom,
And the beautiful maid Yashodhara, his bride,

In January, under the happy constellation of Aries,
At the holy calm hour of the cow-dust,
King Subodh said regarding the prince,
"At once the ceremonies of marriage be arranged."

With streamers, flags and buntings decked,
The beautiful canopy for marriage was erected,
With men and women bristled the royal mansion,
And outside stood the horses and the elephants.

The festive band was at once struck,
And the costly fire-works were displayed,
And throwing rice from the garret,
The maids like *koels* warbled their notes.

In sweet notes of *koels* the maids sung,
And on Cupid-like form rested the crest,
And constantly were the flowers rained,
Oh ! mark the glory of this celebration.

In the central court-yard of the mansion
Sat the two figures on the seats for the couple—
Looking as if Rati and Kamdeo wedded again
At the imperative command of Brahma.

Charming was the face of the hero of the Shakyas,
And budding and soft his body, like a blossom;
And the vermilion mark on his forehead
Excelled far the pollen of all rare flowers.

On his beautiful head rested the attractive
Diadem, delightfully done, of beaten gold,
In the centre of which judiciously studded
Were the rubies and diamonds—all rare.

It appeared as though the spangling moon
Along with the sun, shorn of its oppressive heat,
Lulled by sheer excitement of the pageant
Descended from the heavens with all the galaxy.

Exquisite pendents hung from his ears,
And bent his both smiling eye-lids,
And like a necklace thrown round the neck
Coiled soft feelings in his involuble heart.

Like Swaha shedding her glorious lustre,
In equal prominence seated and sharing,
Was this praise-worthy daughter of Subodh,
Yashodhara—ever destined to live with her man.

With her smiling lotus-like face, the beauty,
Looked a warm apparition that excelled the world:
And like a quarter of the brilliant moon
Shone the forehead of the dazzling girl.

Arresting on her beautiful forehead looked
The dark-red mark of the musk of a deer,
Or looked her face like the young moon
Holding dark Shani in her lap.

Though her eyes had their attraction secured,
Yet her brows appeared like a strung bow,
And the lotus-eyed handsome comely maid,
Her genial and rare emotions warmly spread.

And regarding the delicate soft arm of her love,
She felt, as though, she was of a harder stuff;
And that was the reason that her gold anklets
Constantly shook about her wrists.

Yashodhara tenderly regarded her love,
And Daya Kumar marked them both.
Many a century rolled off from now,
Yet never could I forget those lusty looks.

Merrily showering their blooms on the couple,
Ceaselessly sung the choir of beautiful maids,
And to the niceties of marriage firmly devoted
Was the assembly of the Pandits—chanting mantras.

Fully guided by the traditions of *Vedas*,
The details of marriage were arranged;
And a rare-happening-ceremony was it,
For all the worlds, past compare and matchless.

Seeing Yashodahra's palm into the prince's hand,
An irresistible feeling into one's heart stole,
That holding the lotus and lily in their hands
The sea and the moon met at the close of day.

At the end of the seven sacred rounds,
They sat on the planks studded with diamonds.
And, mighty pleased was king Subodh,
Seeing Siddhartha and Yashodhara together.

Rich with a spot vermeil dyed left the prince
The beautifully built forehead of Yashodhara,
Like a drone that on some white lotus
Taking out its heart planted it on the flower.

The streak from her forehead divided the tresses,
And regarding it with vermilion well done
Blushed the beauteous maid—colouring red,
And half-curved stood her hair on her limbs.

Separating the richly growth at the centre
Was the fair hair-line of Yashodhara—
Looking as if on the sable murky mound
A brilliantly white thin flame lay asleep.

Like a beam of the moon looked the streak,
Or a stayed flash of lightning it was,
Or it was the snow on mountains lying,
Or was it the vernal herb in spring aglow.

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Like a beam of the moon looked the streak,
Or a stayed flash of lightning it was,
Or it was the snow on mountains lying,
Or was it the vernal herb in spring aglow.

Soon as ended the wedding ceremonies,
Highly pleased felt Subodh at heart:
And with a feeling love and affection,
Sent he his daughter with the prince.

( To be concluded )

—Translated by Indrajit Singh

## AVARICE AND LOVE

Acharya Ramchandra Shukla

### IV

When I hear a devotee of Rama ( God ) preaching to cut off connections with the world, to relinquish the love of wife and children, brothers and fellowmen, and to turn back upon the path of action, I am at my wit's end. To me he is a true devotee ( Bhakta ) who has affection for his wife and children, brothers and sisters, father and mother, who avoids trampling upon even ants, who pauses a while and sheds tears to see one in trouble, who, burning with indignation, falls upon a tyrant relentlessly tyrannizing over a helpless person, who is filled with mirth at the sight of frolicking children, who is refreshed to see the luxuriant verdure and who is puffed up with delight at the sight of beautiful flowers. One who seeing all this remains indifferent saying, 'What have I to do with these ?', and does not allow anger, compassion, love and joy to arise in his heart, may be called a wise man, a sage or an ascetic but I would never call him a devotee ( Bhakta ). Attachment

with Rama ( God ) fosters unity with the world, does not break it. Moved by the idea of common good, and fulfilling all his worldly duties the true devotee of Rama seeks to establish relationship with him. Those who obstruct the fulfilment of such relationship, are essentially renounceable to a devotee, even though they be his kith and kin; as—

To Rama let all the affections flow,
For him love elders, friends below.

( Goswami Tulasidas : Vinayapatrika )

Now we have become familiar with the two forms of love, individual and public. Now let us think a little over mutual relationship existing between the lover and the beloved. Sometimes love grows simultaneously on both sides; that is to say, it is equal. Sometimes it germinates first in one and then in the other, and sometimes it remains confined within one and does not affect the other, that is to say, it remains unequal. As mentioned above, the lover is restless to acquaint his beloved with his love as soon as it arises in his heart. This impatience aims at establishing equal love on both sides without which love does not appear to be successful. A set pattern is visible even in the effort for equal love.

Compassion and love are the two soft feelings of the heart that melt us towards others. Various accomplishments are required to become the object of one's love. Hence none can be sure of easily awakening love in other's heart. But in order to be the object of one's pity only the demonstration of pain or suffering is sufficient. The scope of pity is very extensive. Pity is a human duty and every living creature has a right to it. Pity never cares for the 'how' and 'what' of the distressed people. This is why the lover sometimes makes such gestures as would appeal to the beloved and sometimes resorts to such tactics as would excite pity in the heart of the beloved. By rousing pity he wants to prepa

the background for love in her heart. He thinks that pity will gradually lead to love. He keeps on reaching out his torturing agony of separation to his beloved's ears.

It is not proper to think that the eagerness to excite pity in the heart of the beloved lasts only till the establishment of equal love. This is the usual feature of love which lasts for ever in the lover's heart. The fact is that just as there is the necessity of rousing love, so there is also the necessity of maintaining it. As safeguard for love, the lover always keeps pity astir in the heart of the beloved. The consummation of the inclination to keep the feelings of pity and compassion awake in the beloved's heart is a notable feature of the Persian or Urdu Poetry. There, lovers build their tombs in the beloved's lane, during their life-time, offer their bones to the dogs of that locality, die over and over again and relate their sad stories. What else could be more pity-exciting than death? Even the death of an enemy elicits a few words of sympathy from our lips. There can be no other word so agreeable as that of *sympathy*, *emanating from the beloved's* mouth. In the hope of *such* a sympathetic expression from the beloved as, "The poor fellow was very good," lovers rejoice *in* the thought of their death. When a word of sympathy is so precious, tears would be certainly invaluable; they look *cheaper for life*. If the lover were sure that his death would elicit even one drop of tear from his beloved's eyes, he would be willingly to die any moment.

It has been already mentioned that the highest fulfilment and accomplishment of love is possible only at the establishment of equal love on both sides. The old masters of our literature have taken up *unilateral* love under the fallacy of aesthetic enjoyment ( रस ). So long as there exists the possibility of equal love on both sides or the evidence of aversion or apathy from the beloved's side does not appear, the fallacy of aesthetic enjoyment is not recognized. We have a clear evidence of aversion when the beloved is found discarding her

lover and developing attachment towards some one else. References to love persisting under such conditions also are available in poetry. In the Persian and Urdu poetry lovers too often make such complaints, "My beloved mixes with others but does not turn a single glance towards me." On the departure of Krishna to Mathura the complaint of the Gopis ( cowherd damsels ) took some such turn.

Leaving aesthetic enjoyment and its fallacies aside, let us take up that form of love in which the lover is overwhelmed with love while the beloved pays no attention to him or is cosntantly averse to him. Is such a love no love at all ? This cannot be said. The lover has made love, whether it affects the beloved or not. There is no deficiencey in his love. If the beloved has not reciprocated to satisfy him his love *is not* to blame. Lack of satisfaction cannot detract from the perfection of love. So far as such a love is tinged with the desire for satisfaction or disgust at dissatisfaction it does not attain to its desired magnitude. But where the desire for self-satisfaction ceases or is already absent, love shines in its freshest, brightest and purest form. Such love is unshakably *founded on a very high pedestal, inaccessible to the common* hearts. The lover having attained to such heights does not want anything from his beloved, he only prays to God—not to his beloved—that the latter should live long and remain his ever-lasting favourite. It is in the experience of such an exalted state that Gopis of Suradas entreat :—

Wherever live, with you be God,
Wear the crown and wield the rod.
Darling, take benedictions sweet,
Smiles of fortune for ever meet.

*For such a lover there is no other satisfaction or* pleasure than that of his beloved The pleasure ond satisfaction become his own. In *Durgeshnandini* of Bankimchandra the love of Ayasha for Jagat Singh has been taken up to this very height. The day she comes to know of the love between

the background for love in her heart. He thinks that pity will gradually lead to love. He keeps on reaching out his torturing agony of separation to his beloved's ears.

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It has been already mentioned that the highest fulfilment and accomplishment of love is possible only at the establishment of equal love on both sides. The old masters of our literature have taken up unilateral love under the fallacy of aesthetic enjoyment ( रस ). So long as there exists the possibility of equal love on both sides or the evidence of aversion or apathy from the beloved's side does not appear, the fallacy of aesthetic enjoyment is not recognized. We have a clear evidence of aversion when the beloved is found discarding her

lover and developing attachment towards some one else. References to love persisting under such conditions also are available in poetry. In the Persian and Urdu poetry lovers too often make such complaints, "My beloved mixes with others but does not turn a single glance towards me." On the departure of Krishna to Mathura the complaint of the Gopis ( cowherd damsels ) took some such turn.

Leaving aesthetic enjoyment and its fallacies aside, let us take up that form of love in which the lover is overwhelmed with love while the beloved pays no attention to him or is cosntantly averse to him. Is such a love no love at all ? This cannot be said. The lover has made love, whether it affects the beloved or not. There is no deficiencey in his love. If the beloved has not reciprocated to satisfy him his love is not to blame Lack of satisfaction cannot detract from the perfection of love. So far as such a love is tinged with the desire for satisfaction or disgust at dissatisfaction it does not attain to its desired magnitude. But where the desire for self-satisfaction ceases or is already absent, love shines in its freshest, brightest and purest form. Such love is unshakably founded on a very high pedestal, inaccessible to the common hearts. The lover having attained to such heights does not want anything from his beloved, he only prays to God—not to his beloved—that the latter should live long and remain his ever-lasting favourite. It is in the experience of such an exalted state that Gopis of Suradas entreat :—

Wherever live, with you be God,
Wear the crown and wield the rod.
Darling, take benedictions sweet,
Smiles of fortune for ever meet.

For such a lover there is no other satisfaction or pleasure than that of his beloved The pleasure ond satisfaction become his own. In *Durgeshnandini* of Bankimchandra the love of Ayasha for Jagat Singh has been taken up to this very height. The day she comes to know of the love between

Jagat Singh and Tilottama, she begins to free her love from mundane desires and in the end quite peacefully enters into the bright inner-realm of love, having accomplished the marriage of Jagat Singh with Tilottama.

A lover perceives this exalted ground of love before him if he does not see any effect of his love upon the beloved. He can attain peace and sustain his love only by relinquishing the desire for proximity or contact. If he lacks this capacity he may fall a prey to psychic torments and mental collapse brought about by internal reaction; and this may open avenues for the free play of evils like jealousy and others. So much so that anger will make its occasional attacks and love will be replaced by hostility.

Often, in erotic poetry, the infatuation for form is depicted as the sponsor of love. One gets charmed by the exquisite form and attribute of a person and becomes his lover. But there is another cause of love which is quite independent of form and attribute and which has more enduring and unfailing effect than they; this is association. Even an Arab, placed in the verdurous valleys of Kashmir, will shed tears for his native land. In the same way one develops a a lasting sentiment for those amidst whom he has lived for a long time. This associative love has the peculiarity of manifesting its force spasmodically in the period of association, but surging constantly during separation. The love ranging from brother-sister, father-son, friends and kinsmen to birds, beasts and trees follows this pattern. The love born of form and attribute also takes this associative shape in due course. So the value of this kind of love should ever be borne in mind.

Now let us close this dissertation with the mention of the greatest peculiarity of love or avarice. This is the only sentiment that can be expressed through weeping as well as laughing whose media of expression are deep-drawn sighs as well as tears, thrill of pleasure as well as pranks and frolics. Both the pleasant as well as unpleasant passions come under

its vast sway. This is why the masters of our literature have recognized two aspects of love (शृगार)—love in union (सयोग) and that in separation (वियोग). There is no sentiment as engenders drives and impulses of one kind in the presence of its object (आलम्बन) and those of quite a different kind in its absence. There are some other sentiments also which acquire the permanent status of avarice or love—e. g. anger, tarrying longer, assumes the shape of malice or hostility, and abhorrence (जुगुप्सा) that of hatred (घृणा) or detachment (विरक्ति)—but this peculiarity is not perceptible in any other sentiment. In view of this profusely pervasive power of love or avarice over the subjective apparatus of man, they have bestowed upon love the epithet the "crown of aesthetic emotions." (रसराज)

(Concluded)

—Translated by Ram Kumar Tripathi

## MARYADA PURUSHOTTAM SRI RAMACHANDRA

Sarojini Shukla

To those blessed with faith Rama is the highest manifestation of Divinity, to whom other deities pay homage. To this fact Tulasidas has referred again and again in his great epic. The entire plan of the *Ramacharitamanasa* is however on another plane Rama, though a divine incarnation, is yet a human being, albeit a perfect human being. It is this ideal of perfection which Tulasidas bears in mind throughout his work, and hence we speak of Maryada Purushottam Ramachandra. He is Maryada Purushottam, because he was aware of his duties and loyalties and strove ceaselessly to discharge his obligations. He adhered to the principle of 'dharma'.

What is 'dharma'? According to the Hindu Dharma Shastra, the word 'dharma' is derived from the root 'dhri' which means, to hold. Hence, Dharma literally means to hold, or by its implication, that which maintains the equilibrium. Krishna says to Arjuna that dharma is created for the well being of all creation.

प्रभावर्तम् च भूतानाम् धर्मप्रवचनम् कृतम्

and he further adds that all that is free from doing any harm to any created being is certainly dharma.

यस्याद् अहिंसा-सयुक्त स धर्म इति निश्चय:

Hence it is dharma which preserves the world. But often, as the history of human civilization shows, this poise of good and evil is badly disturbed, and hence the whole world is in a state of moral chaos, *matsya-nyaya* prevails, and men like the fish begin to devour each other. It is at this crucial moment that God appears in mortal form and puts an end to the miseries of mankind. Such incarnation of God is the embodiment of all goodness and becomes for all ages a model on which men may mould their lives. The *Ramacharitamanas* has this as an underlying notion.

जब जब होइ धर्म की हानी, बाढ़हिं असुर अधम अभिमानी
तब तब धरि प्रभु मनुज शरीरा.........

The *Gita* too stresses the same point. Krishna says to Arjuna :—

यदा यदा हि धर्मस्य ग्लानिर्भवति भारत ।
अभ्युत्थानमधर्मस्य तदात्मानं सृजाम्यहम् ॥

While Vishwamitra is bringing the two young princes, Ram and Lakshmana, to protect his *yajnas*, the great monstress Tadika appears abruptly. She has evil intentions of killing them all. All the forest was shaking as a result of her incessant roars, and her furious look was enough to overpower anybody. Rama is at once faced with a great difficulty, not that Tadika's ferocity has overpowered him, but because she is a woman and killing a woman is strictly prohibited by the "Sastras". Vihwamitra helps Rama in taking a decision. He reminds Rama of the atrocities that were daily perpetrated upon the Rishis of the forest by Tadika. Tadika was one of the many devilish beings who threw bits of bones and flesh to defile the *yajnas* of the Rishis and rendered the performance of these religious ceremonies almost impossible. Rama's doubts are allayed, and he kills Tadika.

The significance of 'Kshattra-dharma' is excellently reflected in the character of Rama. After his marriage, he is returning with the people of Ayodhya. Suddenly Parashurama, an inveterate enemy of the Kshattriyas, appears on the scene and accosts Rama, with words full of wrath. Parashurama was a Brahmin and more than that a Brahmarshi Evidently Rama is faced with a baffling problem. On the one hand any Kshattriya, according to the rules laid down, cannot remain passive in such a situation, on the other hand, the man who challenges him is a Brahmin, a Brahmarshi. What to do at such a time was the question. Parashuram had annihilated the Kshattriyas for full twenty one times At this crucial moment however Rama talks in a most humble way:

कृपा कोप बध बध गोसाँई। मोपर करिय दास की नाँई॥
कहिय बेगि जेहि विधि रिस जाई। मुनिनायक सोइ करउँ उपाई॥

Lakshmana throughout this dialogue speaks in a language which enrages Prashurama. But in the end, it is the politeness of Rama which calms down Parashurama. Rama is conscious of 'maryada', and by remaining unprovoked he shows his respect for recognised canons of social and moral behaviour.

Kakeyi's designs are crooked. She desires that not only the throne should go to Bharata, but also that Rama should be banished to forest for a period of fourteen years. Her cruel demands break Dasharatha's heart. He is shocked and faints. When Rama arrives, he finds his father unconscious and is unable to guess the cause. Without hesitation, Kakeyi blurts forth her feelings and demands in the harshest words she can employ. In a few words Tulasidas puts the feelings of Kakeyi.

सुनहु राम सब कारन एहू। राजहि तुम्हपर बहुत सनेहू॥

Rama is not at all perturbed by the selfish desires of Kakeyi What is a shocking blow to Dasharatha fails to ruffle Rama. The perseverence, fortitude and sagacity of Rama are at once reflected at this crucial moment.

After the banishment, while Rama, Lakshmana and Sita are in the forest and the news comes that Bharat is coming with the array of his followers, Lakshmana mis-understands the intentions of Bharata. Bharata is coming to take Rama back to Ayodhya. But in his misunderstanding Lakshmana becomes infuriated and takes a vow to kill Bharata at once. Lakshmana at other places too is unable to control his anger unlike Rama. This episode reveals not only Rama's patience and sound judgment but his genuine love for Bharata. Bharata has a unique place in the epic. His character is superb, since he does not deviate from the path of love and duty in spite of all the allurements. When Kakeyi tells him that she has got Rama banished from Ayodhya, so that he may rule now,

Bharata at once becomes sullen and is overtaken by grief. With his father dead and the elder brother exiled, he cannot even dream of kingship. Renouncing the whole kingdom he goes to Chitrakuta to bring Rama back and restore the glory of Ayodhya. When Rama does not come back he puts his *sandals upon the throne and adores and worships them.* He spends full fourteen years in grief and thoughts of Rama. He never regards himself as the king but only a substitute for Rama.

राघवाय च सन्यासं दत्वामे वरपादुके।
राज्यं चेदमयोध्यायां धूतपापो भवाम्यहम्॥
चरन पीठ करुनानिधान के। जनु जुग जामिक प्रजा प्रान के।
संपुट भरत सनेह रतन के। आखर जुग जनु जीव जतन के॥

Let us consider Rama's love for his *guru* and see to what extent he succeds in performing his duties towards him. The *Valmiki Ramayana* fails to do full justice to this aspect of Rama's character. Fortunately enough the *Manasa* fulfils this deficiency Vashistha, on Bharata's behalf, urges Rama to condescend to return :

सबके उर अन्तर बसहु, जानहु भाव कुभाउ।
पुरजन जननी भरत हित, होइ सो कहिय उपाउ॥

In reply Rama utters noble words of refusal, otherwise he is most obedient to his *guru*.

सुनि मुनि बचन कहत रघुराऊ। नाथ तुम्हारेहि हाथ उपाऊ॥
सबकर हित रुख राउर राखे। आयसु किए मुदित फुर भाखे॥
प्रथम जो आयसु मोकहँ होई। माथे मानि करौं सिख सोई॥

Let us consider Rama's fulfilment of obligations towards his friends. A true and sincere friend is not less important than one's own kith and kin. Rama realised this One of the most controversial issues in the whole of the *Ramayana* is the assassination of Bali by Sri Ramachandra. Bali reminds us of Karna of the *Mahabharata* He had a curious mixture of charity and courage in his make-up. Yet he had made Sugriva

and his wife destitute by subjecting them to exile. But Rama was bound by the primary duties towards a friend-

जे न मित्र दुख होहि दुखारी । तिन्हहि बिलोकत पातक भारी ॥
निज-दुख-गिरि-सम रज करि जाना । मित्र के दुख रज मेरु समाना ॥

It was in keeping with his love of friends that he made Vibhishana the king of Lanka.

Once while Sri Ramachandra was sitting with his brothers, a sad Brahmin appeared and said, "Raghu, Sagara and Dilip had been great kings of Ayodhya, but we never heard of a son having died before his father in their reign and such a thing has happened with me". Rama naturally was thrown into an abyss of pessimism at this catastrophe, but just at the moment a voice was heard from the skies. Declaring the cause, the voice said that there was a 'Sudra' performing penance in the forests of Vindhyachala Rama at once proceeded to the forest, and with one arrow from his shaft put an end to the Su dra'slife. How far was he just ? This is a subject of great controversy but the Sudra in fact got by this more than ample reward for his penance. He got salvation, The Brahmin's child was at once brought back to life.

Rama had asked some of the messengers to bring the secret reports of the town to him. One day when all had related the events they had witnessed one of the messengers remained silent. This naturally set a keener edge upon Rama's curiosity. The messenger after much hesitation said that while going somewhere he heard some very sly remarks. A washerman while rebuking his wife said, 'I can't keep you with me, for I am not like Rama who can keep a wife so long kept in a rakshasa's house'. After an agonising suspense Rama decided to send Sita to the forest and Lakshmana was entrusted with this dreadful task. Lakshmana hesitated but was persuaded to do so. He brought Sita to the forest, a fearful place indeed, full of wolves and hyenas and other wild animals. While Sita was in deep slumber, Lakshmana fled away.

Sita, on waking up, found herself lonely in that dreadful place. Fortunately, the sage Valmiki came to her rescue. The whole episode receives a very effective treatment in the *Ramayana*. Howsoever atrocious this deed may be, it is done by Rama only under compulsion. Sita who came unhurt out of the fire is again exiled. It is only because one mean fellow out of all the subjects has talked of her with suspicion, and Rama, as a king, must act in order to allay public suspicion.

Rama desires to perform *Ashwamedha Yajna* Tualsidas exquisitely delineates the picture of the horse before our mind's eye. The horse is white with black ears and a beautiful studded saddle; it was like one of the horses in the Sun's chariot. It is on such occasions that Tulasidas excels even the greatest classical poets.

> श्वेतवर्न सुंदर पुनि कारे । रविहय निदरि मनोज संवारे ॥
> जीन जराव न जाय बखाना । जनु रविरथ भावत जग जाना ॥

A letter was tied to the horse with these words.

> एक वीर कौसलपुर माहीं । अरिदल दलन सुरेस सकाहीं ॥
> जिह बल होइ गहौ सोइ बाजी । देहु दंड घन जाहु कि भाजी ॥

i. e. there is a warrior in the city of Ayodhya; he destroys the armies of his enemies, and even Indra fights shy of him; this horse belongs to him. Anybody who has power enough may hold up this horse, or run away.

Rama's army was advancing triumphantly, its might was irresistible. The army per chance was proceeding towards the ashram of Valmiki. The eyes of Lava and Kusha caught sight of the beautiful horse, They read the leaflet and tied up the horse to a tree, without hesitation. Sixty thousand warriors of Rama were astonished and provoked by the act. Shatrughna who had at this time taken the lead was overconfident, but he was hurt very soon. Lava and Kusha slew most of the army. Dismayd by their valour, the people in panic went to Rama. Rama asked Lakshmana to bring the children to

him by easy means or by force Lakshmana injured Kusha in the battle. Kusha fainted but the infuriated brother soon overpowered Lakshmana. Angad, Jamvanta, Hanuman, all united to make a common front against the brothers but all their brave adventures proved futile, They were all overpowerd and vanquished. Ultimately Rama came and knew the reality from Valmiki. Here again we have justification of Sita's banishment by Rama. The very meaning of the world *rajan* according to the Hindu Dharmasastras is one who pleases his subjects. Rama justified such a notion by his act, Secondly, as a result of the battle with Lava and Kusha a majority of the followers of Rama received salvation at the noble hands of Rama's own sons.

The character of Rama is perfect. He fulfils all the duties and obligations as demanded by social and moral canons. Even a single flaw is difficult to be spotted out in his character. He is "marayada-purushottam", no doubt; a symbol "which beacons from afar" to guide the destiny of mankind to that elevated ground "where the eternals are".

# THE CONCEPTION OF 'LABOUR AND STUDY' IN POETRY

Naganand Muktikanth

While writing these lines, I have in mind the most thought-provking passages of Shelley that occur in his 'Defence of Poetry'. It was somewhere in this book that the most mighty appealing to all the great poets of the world declared that 'the spirit finest passages of poetry are produced by labour 'and study'. But what does Shelly mean by these two words is perhaps not clear enough, it has, as T. S Eliot has pointed out, to be discussed yet again. It is well known that Shelley, like Coleridge, was himself a great scholar, a great lover of books, well-versed in some of the ancient languages, that it, Latin, Greek and Hebrew, a man who wrote such a scholarly essay as 'The Defence of Poetry.'

First and foremost let us come to the point as to what do these two words mean, or, in other words, what is the nature of 'Labour and Study' on which Shelley has thrown so much light. Does Shelley mean that only when a man becomes well equipped in all the ancient learnings can he produce the finest passages of poetry ?

Shelley said that poetry is something divine, something which is the most philosophic of all writings, so divine that it cannot be compared with other kindred arts. From the poet's standpoint a true poet is the divine sp'rit of this material world—the world that always regards him as 'the unacknowledged legislator of mankind'; such is the honourable place the poet finds in this world. The greatest poets have been the greatest scholars, but the nature of their scholarship was not confined only to the advancements of their own age but it covered the whole range of tradition. The word 'tradition' is the fundamental law that makes a man a great poet. By the two

words, that is labour and study, Shelley meant that if the poet has well marked all the blazing lights of tradition only then can he produce the finest passages of poetry Shelley was of the opinion that tradition is something very sacred, something very symbolic, the supremacy of which cannot be denied and without a sense of which no one can live. In support of his views he has given us numerous examples which we cannot ignore. Milton is the best example of this. He was a 'poet of scholars' yet unequalled in the whole range of English poetry. Who will forget Coleridge, the acknowledged borrower of books, who knew only the art of borrowing books from Lamb but never of returning them ? Tulasidas, Prasad and Nirala are some of the numerous examples in our own country of abiding faithfulness to the 'everburning lamps of tradition'. T. S. Eliot, Pound, W. H. Auden among the English poets, Trilochan, Muktibodh and Shamsher among the Hindi poets of our own day have all the elements referred to by Shelley, Rilke has perhaps something in common with Shelley. He says : "Verses are not, as people imagine, simply feelings ( we have these soon enough ) : they are experiences. No one can write a single verse if he has not talked with the ancients, the makers of tradition. In order to write a single verse, one must get to know animals and the flight of birds, and the gestures that the little flowers make when they open out to the morning. One must be able to return in thought to roads in unknown regions, to unexpected encounters, and to partings that had been long foreseen, to days of childhood that are still indistinct, and to parents whom one had to hurt when they sought to give one some pleasure which one did not understand ... There must be memories of many nights of love, each one unlike the ... of the screams of women in labour, and of women in chil' hood, light and balanced and sleeping, shutting themsel- in. But one must also have been beside the dying, have sat beside the dead in a room with open ... fitful noises. And still it is not yet enought to have

One must be able to forget them when they are many and one must have the immense patience to wait until they come again. For it is not memories themselves that matter. Only when they have turned to blood within us, to glance and gesture, nameless and no longer to be distinguished from ourselves—only then can it happen that in a most rare hour the first word of a poem arises in their midst and goes forth from them."

Rilke has perhaps well defined the nature of Labour and Study. If judged from this point of view, modern poetry would no longer be charged with the offence that it is very difficult, that it is sometimes obscure. Even the greatest scholars of our day have criticised the new bearings in modern Hindi poetry. Further more, we have to bear in mind that every age has its traits which the poet well marks, that is, the agonies and the despair, the uncertainities and the obscurities.

Our age is an age of transition; no one knows what would happen in the near future. The great achievements that we have made in all the branches of learning have broadened our outlook : man has become very powerful; he rules the waves, the clouds, the moon and the sun This is the atmosphere in which he breathes, but it must, however, be remembered that even then he does not neglect tradition, as T. S. Eliot assumes : modern poetry has never endeavoured to reject tradition.

In Hindi poetry the younger poets have become widely known for this. They have worked hard and studied our ancient classics. Today they are involved in thought and imagery, their minds passing through numerous complexities. During his life time Mallarme who is considered today as father of the French symbolist movement was never appreciated but today almost every poet has learnt a great deal from him; everywhere in 'the Waste Land' echoes the spirit of Mallarme.

Shelley always insisted that no one should ever think to set his hands at verse if he has not well mastered the rhythm and the metres, and if he does do so, he will soon fade away, for poetry, as Sri Aurobindo too has said, is a sort of Sadhana which every poet will have to perform with austerity and intense devotion.

Short Story

## THE SELFISH

Jagdish Chandra Misra

Once there stood a young plant in the Himalayan jungles. In its neighbourhood a number of fully grown-up trees happily passed their days in their cool shady groves. Together they suffered the joys and griefs of life and together they withstood the heat of scorching summers, the ravages of heavy rains, the spells of dreadful draughts and the fury of fierce storms. They survived them all.

One day the young tree thought unto itself, 'If I were the only master of this beautiful Himalayan forest, and if somehow all the trees around me could be removed, I would heartily bathe in the light of the sun, would fully enjoy the sweet and bracing breeze of the mountains and would happily grow up day after day. The unhampered and endless sight of the beauties of the nature would be fascinating indeed,' it imagined.

But how could it have been possible ? All the trees around him were big and sturdy.

Every day the young tree thought over it and every day its urge to enjoy the gifts of nature grew stronger. One day a wood-cutter happened to pass that way. The young plant greeted him and said, 'Gentleman' come to me; I will free you from the worries of earning a livelihood.'

Happily the woodcutter came close to the tree and anxiously enquired, 'How, brother ?'

Cut down these big trees which you see around me', uttered the young tree. 'This timber is fully mature, take it to the traders in the city. They will give you so much money in return as would be sufficient for your family to live on comfortably for centuries'.

'Why should you want me to do so ?' the wood-cutter paused and pondered awhile.

'After these trees have been removed I shall become the sole monarch of the forest,' candidly confessed the young tree and continued, 'All the smaller plants and the whole vegetation shall then follow my orders.

Nay, brother ! I will then enjoy to my fill the fragrant air of the forest and the blissful light of the sun enough to keep me strong and happy. This boon has so far been denied me by these trees. I subsist only on the light and air spared by my powerful neighbours'.

The wood cutter thought, 'It will benefit this young tree and me too. I shall surely do this. I will become rich and the young tree a gay monarch of the entire forest.'

The next day the wood-cutter went to the jungle along with a number of companions and began to fell the huge and deeprooted trees growing all around. In a few months, for love of lucre, he collected the entire timber, sold it to the traders of the town and made good money out of it

The young plant now stood alone on that vast expanse The sunlight was burning bright all round it. Day and night the pleasant perfumed breeze used to play proudly with the twigs and tendrils of the solitary plant. It drank deep the free air and light and grew rapidly in size and strength. Its elegance and might made the smaller plants bow their head to it and accept its supremacy.

With its head high in the sky brimming with the vigour of youth, the young tree finding none his equal in the realm of the forest, used to dance with pride and pleasure.

Some time passed. A spell of draught came. A year or two passed, but there were no rains. The young tree began to dry up for thirst and hunger. Day and night it cried and waited but the Lord took no mercy on it. No clouds appeared in the skies in response to its cries.

The tree bore the agonies of thirst and hunger for some time. One day the sky grew dark and a fiere and sullen storm came raging from the west, gave a few blows and rooted out the young tree which was drunk with authority, power and pride.

When the sinful tree was groaning under the pangs of death and was gasping for its last breath, the small plants and creepers were whispering with each other. 'Had this wretched tree the protection of its neighbours which it got destroyed for selfish ends, there would have been no draught. They would have all borne the ravages of storm together and this young tree would not have met this untimely end'.

—Translated by B. R. Agarwala

Short story

## BIRTHDAY

Rajmal Jain

I feel that if the God were to create this world anew, He would at least remove the defects which obtain in the present world such as exhaustion of most of the money of many people on the first day of pay itself, the accumulation of the riches in the hands of the uneducated, the phenomena of recommendation, the campaign by means of pamphlets etc. If, however, He does not remove the present defects in the second edition of this world, and if I happened to be born in that, I shall not be prepared to call him 'Brahma' because how can I call him Brahma when he does not know the defects of his own creation ? Anyhow, it is the consequence of his mistakes that I have been forced to write something about my birthday.

In my college days, I was a student of geography So when some of my friends proposed that we should go on a trip to Patalpani ( a beautiful spot near Indore ), I could not resist the temptation. As for leave from the office, I sent word that I shall not be able to attend the office as I was indisposed—a ground on which most of the employees are forced to take leave.

The charm of nature does not stop with Patalpani alone The Narmada, which flows a few miles away from the famous fall encircling the mountains, looks as if the kidddies have collected around the grown-ups and seem to be running about them. We decided to wander about its shores and thus we passed the three days in the company of nature.

The employees await the first of the month more ardently than the lovers expecting word from their dear ones It was after such painful waiting that the first arrived. But I was shocked to learn that my pay for the three days had been deducted. The accountant informed me that my pay had been deducted as I had not completed six months of service as yet.

I was in a fix. If the deduction from my pay would have been made in some month of rainy season, I would not have taken it ill because you cannot move out in such a month and are content with *pakauries* prepared in oil etc., and thus you are required to spend little and, still more, whatever you are able to save in the rainy days can very well be utilised in hot days in drinking *lassie* etc., and entertaining your friends on it too.

One of the bad results of the deduction in my pay was that I could not celebrate my birthday which fell on the 15th of Nov I had decided to celebrate my birthday on a grand scale out of my first earning. But I had to postpone this programme in the manner of a man who after the expiry of winter solemnly resolves to do a lot of physical exercise in the coming winter and to eat lots of tomatoes.

Next year, the occasion for celebration was not my birth day but my marriage. This additional burden also I had to take on my shoulders with the same pay in the same way as a coolie who has to carry the luggage of some Babu at the official rate and unable to take more from him as the Babu insists on the fixed rate.

My marriage had taken place before the date of my birth. When, after all, it dawned, the bills of my creditors were before me. When my newly-wed wife suggested to me to celebrate my birthday, I got rid of her suggestion in the fashion of students who pretendingly turn their faces in the other direction on finding themselves face to face with their professor in order to avoid doing 'Namaste' to him. If she would have put forward her suggestion on the first, I would have managed to celebrate by altering the date on some or the other pretext but her suggestion came on the 15th and I was helpless.

The mathematicians say that one and one makes two but *it is the experience of the married that one and one generally* makes many or three at least. This was the conclusion I

reached in the third year of my marriage when we found that we were three now. This time I could not celebrate my birthday on this account.

Just as it is very essential for the religious minded to visit Sinhasth, Kumbh, Mahamastkabhishek etc. which are held every twelve years, in the same way one has to attend as if compulsorily the marriage or other ceremonies at one's relatives. My birthday could not be celebrated even in the fourth year because I had to attend the marriage of my sister-in-law.

With the growth of responsibilities I got myself insured in the fifth year and in the sixth I fell seriously ill. some or the other expense of sufficient magnitude cropped up in a way that I could not celebrate for six continuous years the fact of my being born in this unmerciful world. During those years my pocket emptied in the same way on the first of every month as the gun of a soldier is empty who has just returned from the battlefield.

When the seventh year approached, I firmly decided to celebrate my birthday in spite of all the odds. When I put this propsal before my wife, she immediately said, "Now, there is no need of celebrating your birthday. Our son has grown up now. His years of danger are also have passed Is it not true that we live this difficult life for him ? Moreover, it is difficult to celebrate two birthdays in a month"

Just as an employee silently accepts a mistake of his officer as his own and does not tell him that the officer himself is in the wrong in his face, similarly I swallowed the advice of my wife and replied, "Oh yes, you are right. Now, I am not so important. We shall celebrate the birthday of our son only. Moreover, he was born on the first also. "My wife nodded in assent and the question of the celebrating my birthday was finally settled.

—Translated by the author

## STUDY OF INDIAN LANGUAGES AT THE CENTRAL ASIAN STATE UNIVERSITY

A bell rings, and the corridors of the Central Asian State University fill with students, speaking many languages.

At the Eastern Faculty of the University, where specialists in the history, languages and literature of Eastern countries are trained, the Hindi, Urdu, Afghan, Persian, Chinese and Uigur languages are studied.

We enter a room. To our greetings the students reply: "Namaste !"

Second-year students of the Indian department are having a dictation in Hindi.

"The students show interest in studying the language of the great Indian people", says the teacher. "See, there are hardly any mistakes in their dictations"

The teacher proudly displays the students' copy-books. Only here and there in the dictated copies are there corrections made by the teacher.

The Indian department is being expanded, and already 80 people are studying Hindi, Urdu and the history of Indian peoples.

Together with the senior lecturer of the department, M. Hardatt, an Indian, we enter the room where fourth-year students are studying.

They are translating a difficult text into Russian. The class is conducted by senior lecturer R. Mukhamedzhanov.

"The students have already acquired a fairly comprehensive vocabulary", he said.

Studies are proceeding successfully at the departments of Arab, Irano-Afghan, and Uigur philology and the department of history of Eastern countries.

The Eastern Faculty of the Central Asian University has celebrated its 15th anniversary. In this time more than 300 orientologists have been trained there Fifty of them have become Masters of Science. Many others are taking post-graduate courses in Tashkent and other cities of the country. The alumna of the Eastern Faculty include many prominent scientists, lecturers and workers of publishing houses.

A great deal of work is being carried out at the faculty in preparing study aids. Teachers of the Indian department are preparing an Urdu language textbook. The work of the group of authors, M Hardatt, R. Mukhamedzhanov, R. Kayumova, and A. Kasanovsky, all graduates of the department, has been highly praised by Indian specialists. O. Polinova, a lecturer of the Indian department, is compiling a reader on Indian literature.

## IVAN MINAYEV

Yelena Semeka

Ivan Minayev was a scholar and an Indologist of world fame. From his pen came a large number of writings on varied aspects of Indology. He visited India thrice and collected a vast amount of material. His researches on the ancient and modern Indian languages, on the philosophy and religions of India are well-known. The main theme of his work—vast and varied as it was—was the grandeur of ancient Indian culture.

Ivan Minayev was born on October 9, 1840, in Tambov, in the family of a petty official. He studied in a local college and afterwards entered the Faculty of Eastern languages of St. Petersburg University. He was a pupil of V. Vasilyev, the foremost student of Buddhism in that period. It was Vasilyev who roused in young Minayev an interest in Buddhism. In the University Minayev studied Indian languages, which gave him access to the treasures of Buddhist monuments.

After finishing the university he went abroad and continued his studies of Sanskrit and Pali under the guidance of prominent Indologists. He studied Buddhist menuscripts in the British Museum and Pali manuscripts in the National Library of Paris.

## FIRST WORKS

Five years later Minayev returned home and prepared for publication his translation of "Pratimoksa Sutra," a book of Buddhist religoius service. He presented it as his thesis for the Master's degree. Soon afterwards Minayev presented his Doctor's thesis on the phonetics and morphology of Pali and was appointed as professor of Comparative Grammar of Indo-European Languages at the St. Petersburg University.

Minayev lived a very solitary life. Having no family, he devoted all his energy to his researches. In 1870 he published an article concerning India's contacts with the West in ancient times. This article at once attracted the attention of scholars. It was followed by a number of other articles, devoted to the Jatakas. His most important work in this field was "Indian Tales and Legends collected in Kaman in 1875."

Minayev's .extraordinary versatility is testified to by his serious linguistic works. He devoted much of his time to the Pali language, realising very well the need for a thorough knowledge of the language of the sacred books of Buddhists. In 1872 he published a full grammar of the Pali language.

This work was translated into French and English, and the English translation served for a long time as an important aid in the study of this language in India itself.

Minayev also paid great attention to the publication of ancient Pali and Sanskrit texts. These manuscripts were published (in St Petersburg ("Mahavyutpatti" and others) and in London, in the *Journal of the Pali Text Society*

## DOMINANT INTEREST IN BUDDHISM

Minayev's main interest however was in the history and philosophy of Buddhism. His principal work on Buddhism is his fundamental book, "Buddhism—Studies and Materials," written on the basis of a tremendous amount of material in Sanskrit and Pali. In all his works, Minayev combined the study of Buddhism with that of the ancient monuments of Buddhist art.

Untimely death left these Buddhist studies unfinished, and a small part of the material that remained after Minayev's death was published by Academician S. Oldenburg, his pupil, under the title "Material and Notes on Buddhism."

### *Minayev's Diaries*

Of great interest are Minayev's diaries which he kept during his travels to Asia. Minayev recorded his impressions in a number of articles which he later combined and published under the heading "Sketches of Ceylon and India from a Russian's Travel Notes." In one of the chapters of this book, Minayev traces the destiny of the Brahmo Samaj and its leaders-Ram Mohan Roy, Dwarkanath Tagore, Debendranath Tagore and Keshab Chandra Sen-who played a considerable role in the Indian national movement. A careful study of Indian religion and philosophy and of the social life of the country enabled him to note that the Indian people "are beginning to assert their rights to self-government. The

best of them are thinking about the welfare of India in genaral and not in terms of the welfare of a separate caste or a separate religious community".

The first country Minayev visited was Ceylon, one of the main seats of Buddhism. He saw all the sacred places of Buddhists. Later he visited Buddhist sacred places in India and acquainted himself with Nepal. The second trip followed in 1879; and in 1885 during his third and last trip to the East, Minayev spent only a short time in India and proceeded to Burma. His travel diaries were published in the Soviet Union in 1955. During his trips Minayev acquired a considerable collection of Indian manuscripts and objects of the Buddhist cult and art. The manuscipts are kept in the State Library in Leningrad and the objects, in the Museum of Anthropology and Ethnography of the USSR Academy of Sciences.

Ivan Minayev died in 1890, at the age of 49, in the prime of his creative work. He left as his heritage, a large number of works which total almost 150.

# EDITORIAL

While writing this note, we have on our table the proceedings of a meeting of litterateurs who discussed primarily the causes of the present stalemate in Hindi literature. It was declared by a prominent prose writer, who initiated the discussion, that the university professors were responsible for the present sorry state of affairs, as they seek to make the language more and more erudite and artificial. The right procedure, he suggested, was to allow the language to draw sustenance and vitality from the dialects and not to depend on borrowings and neologisms Anothér gentleman criticised the leading Hindi periodicals for depending too much on contributors of recognised merit and not giving enough encouragement to young writers. Finally, a university professor addressed the gathering from the presidential seat and defended his own class by saying that whatever deficiencies exist in our literature, arise from a certain lack of maturity in the Hindi language. Deliberations in such synods of the learned are always very interesting. A situation is presumed and then it is viewed and examined from different points of view and profound inferences are drawn.

The great question in the present case is whether there is really *impasse* in Hindi literature Is there a deadlock in our literature making its progress impossible or difficult ? In spite of what has been said again and again in articles and speeches, we fail to perceive any grave symptoms of a stalemate. A living literature has the possibility of growth inherent in it and ceases to develop only when it severs its connection with real life and becomes highly imitative and conventional It cannot be gainsaid that contemporary Hindi literature has become imitative. For instance, our new poetry reminds us, in more than one way, of contemporary English poetry. Its colloquial idiom, its inner rhythm, and its fondness for images link it up with English and American modernist poetry. When we read the prefaces and manifestoes, we catch at every

step echoes coming from abroad. Though our poetry gains much, it also loses something owing to this fondness for imitation. Yet we cannot say that the foreign influence is so overwhelming as to smother and disfigure new Hindi poetry irreparably. On the other hand, young Hindi poets adhere to their new cult with some gusto and have no hesitation in challenging old values. Thus far from being conventional, new Hindi poetry engenders a sense of revolt. Though it does not deal with current social and political problems to any great extent, it cannot be said that it is cut off from real life What is true of modern Hindi poetry is true more obviously of modern Hindi fiction and drama. Why should we then talk of any deadlock at all ?

Although we do not accept the major premise which evoked much profound reflection from the wise, we do accept the validity of some of the observations made in the course of the discussion. Hindi will certainly prosper by enriching itself with words taken from the dialects. Whenever an appropriate word exists in the dialects, it should be adopted for expressing certain ideas. This is a more natural thing to do than to coin a new word. Such coinages are often ugly and tedious. Then there is the question as to how much influence university professors should exercise on language and literature. When the teacher begins to play the tyrant and the text book and the ferule begin to dominate literature, it is an ominous sign. University professors are a useful lot on the campus but in a wider sphere the supreme authority should be in the hands of those who can adventure more freely in the realm of letters. We agree with the gentleman who pleaded for greater encouragement to young writers; but who can blame the editors for desiring to publish in their journals articles and poems from celebrities.

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